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THE

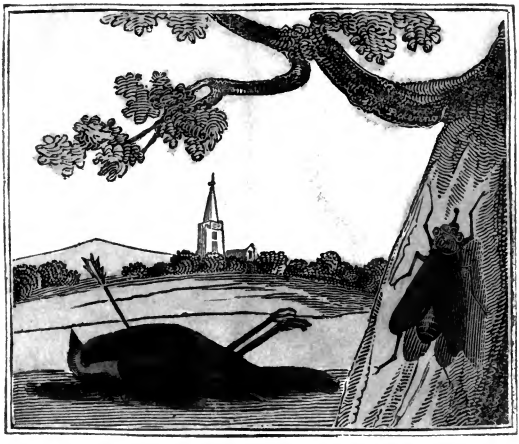
DEATH AND BURIAL

OF

COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I killed Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.



Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

This is the Fly.
That saw him die.

London:
PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY D. CARVALHO,
167, Fleet Street.

Who caught his blood.

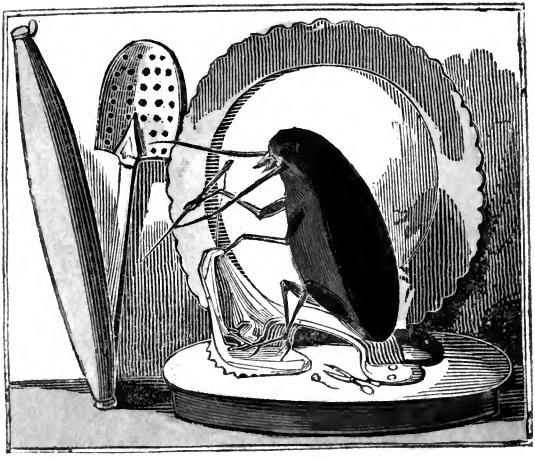
I said the Fish,

With my little dish,

And I caught his blood.

This is the Fish,

That held the dish.



Who'll make his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle,

And I'll make the shroud.

This is the Beetle,

With his thread and needle.

Who'll dig his grave?

I, says the Owl,

With my spade and shovel,

And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,

That dug Cock Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson?

I, says the Rook,

With my little book,

And I'll be the parson.

Behold Parson Rook,

Who is reading his book.

Who'll be the clerk?

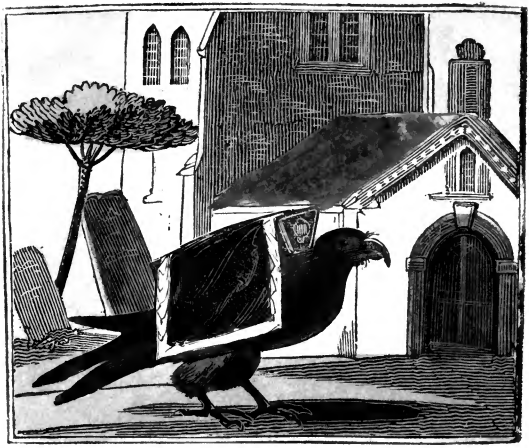
I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

And I'll be the clerk.

Behold the pretty Lark,

Says Amen like a clerk.



Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, says the Kite,

If its not in the night,

And I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold the noble Kite,

How he takes his flight.

Who'll bear the link?

I, says the Linnet,

I'll fetch it in a minute,

And I'll bear the link.

Behold the Linnet with a light,
Although it is not night.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, says the Dove,

I'll mourn for my love,

And I'll be the chief mourner.

This is the pretty Dove,

Mourning for her love.

Who'll bear the pall?

Then said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,

We'll bear the pall.

These are the Wrens so small,

That bore Cock Robin's pall.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,

And so Cock Robin farewell.

All other Birds fell a sobbing,
To hear the bell toll for Cock Robin.